

## THE-MAN-ON-THE-CORNER.

"A Modern Instance" Supplies" an Opening for President Roosevelt's Intense Americanism Death of a Noted South Carolinian Miss Mattie Bowen's Personality The Mirror a Mudscow

"Here's a chie' among ye takin' notes."

Were William Dean Howells some years younger, and could have found it convenient to have strolled along Sixteenth street, between K and L, a Sunday or so ago, he would have telegraphed to his publishers to prepare for a revision edition of his famous story, "A Modern Instance." An episode, which probably wouldn't have transpired in any other country, and which will be cited all over our land as a national event, happened this way:

Two gentlemen of the proud Caucasian race, came down Sixteenth street, engaged in close conversation. One wore a silk hat, was dressed in the faultless product of the artistic tailor and his bearing was that of a typical American statesman. The other's fine head was surmounted by a slouch hat, his face was bronzed by exposure under tropical skies and his remarks were vigorously emphasized by gesticulations which suggested the earnestness of an advocate who wished to leave no doubt as to his meaning.

Two white boys approached, leading bicycles. Seeing a small girl, whose Negro parentage was in unmistakable evidence, they began teasing her by slaps and pinches. She was frightened and began to cry.

The vigorous gentleman looked up and taking in the situation, demanded in a ringing voice:

"Let that girl alone!"

"What have you to do with it?" replied one of the boys defiantly.

"I'll have you arrested," rejoined the athletic champion, in tones of indignant determination.

"I'll have you arrested," was the taunt of the mischievous youngster.

As the gentleman made a dash forward, as if to bring the boys to account, both sped away in fright and the little colored girl went on her way rejoicing.

The rescuer was Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States. His companion was Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican leader in the Senate.

Just now there is much apprehension over the future of the colored clerks in the Census Office. The Negro never was adequately represented, and as a result of many decapitations by reason of completion of work, the black man's quota has been reduced to an infinitesimal quantity. The Afro-American Council is attempting to inquire into the matter, and to take steps to save a respectable fraction of the Negro force, but the method of procedure is an unsolved question. A committee to see President Roosevelt is proposed; but in view of his well-known objection to the back-door entrance of a large body of people into the classified service, I see little hope that he will interfere. He is also, opposed to considering representation on the basis of color, and would doubtless reply that sheer merit ought to settle such questions, and refer a committee to Director Merriam. It is to Mr. Merriam that such an appeal should go, for he is the natural arbiter, and to use pressure above his head, might render him less liberal than he would be if approached directly, in a well-tempered spirit. His good offices could be exercised to immense advantage, if he chose to bring them to bear in our favor—but after all the fact had better be admitted that "political pull" is to be the force that will determine the retention of A or B, black or white. I have no faith in the effect of any appeal for justice in this scramble, unless justice is accompanied by the eloquent support of a heavy Senator or Representative. Dispensers of patronage, who must ask for appropriations, are compelled to turn to hearthstone unto the voice of the men who do the voting in the big house on Capitol Hill. The clerks on the staff of these folks, and who can be of actual service out in the several Congressional districts are the ones whose names will be selected to

adorn the rolls of the permanent census. This may be bluntly put—but it is a fact—a stubborn, uncompromising fact. The list now numbers about thirty colored clerks in a total of nearly 2,000.

Capitol Hill is proud of the presence "in their midst" of such a representative citizen as Dr. J. R. Wilder. He is the leading force in the intellectual and social life of that center of wealth and culture, and not only is his opinion asked by neighbors of his own race, but suggestions for sundry public improvements are sought from him by the best people of the Caucasian contingent. He enjoys a lucrative practice, his well-groomed, blooded mare and up-to-date phaeton being seen at the door of hundreds of homes in all sections of the city. Dr. Wilder does not speak often to audiences, but when he does talk he "says something," and gives counsel that lingers long with the attentive listener. This was evidenced by a thoughtful paper read a few evenings ago before Bethel Literary. Dr. Wilder is descended from an ancient line of South Carolina aristocracy, and is the son of Hon. Charles M. Wilder, who recently died at the Columbia, S. C., family homestead. The senior Mr. Wilder was the first colored appointee under President Grant to a Federal office, making him in all probability the first Negro in the land to receive a civil commission from the United States Government. From 1869 to 1885 when Cleveland became President, he was postmaster at Columbia. During all this period he enjoyed a spotless reputation and administered his trust with both fidelity and ability.

Dr. Wilder is the worthy son of a noble sire, and all rejoice in the prosperity he has gathered unto himself.

Death is always pathetic, even when occurring at the natural time, in the fullness of years, following a career rich in honors and complete in its round of usefulness. But, it is all the more pathetic when one is taken away in the flower of manhood, in the midst of activities that delight the soul, robbing the individual of the pleasure that comes of work well done and the world of a genius that makes bright the age in which he lives. These reflections arose in my mind as I scanned the printed report of the dying regret of Cecil Rhodes, the uncrowned king of South Africa:

"So little done; so much to be done!" And yet his forty-nine years of earthly sojourn had been a period of unceasing labor, and his rewards had been many. Truly, success as measured by man is proportioned by the height of his ideals.

Speaking of energy, or the lack of it, the Man-on-the-Corner has been wondering what it is that makes the young colored man so listless, so purposeless, so unsystematic in his manner of doing business? It isn't always want of opportunity, for hundreds of our young people have good jobs or are in a position to get them, if they would get a "move on themselves." It isn't want of time for they report punctually and often at the barroom, the card table and dance hall. It isn't want of education, for they have from one to three diplomas from noted schools, write excellent articles when they feel disposed and deliver "masterly" speeches at the "literary." I have in mind a certain colored place of business, where I dropped in the other day. Several young men are employed there. The "boss" was on the warpath, stirring up his customers. Here is what I saw: One fellow, who had evidently been "out for a large evening," the night before, was asleep, with his head in his hands, on a table. Two others had stopped their work and were holding an argument on the Crumpacker bill, both

puffing at cigarettes. Another was picking at his face before a mirror, and the remaining two were discussing a society problem, as to whether a certain disrupted lady and gentleman, attendants of a weekly dancing class, would "kiss and make up." Frivolity, pure and simple. Nothing of a practical nature was being done—and this picture, I am told, is a faithful reflex of nine-tenths of the time at this place, and is, in a measure, true of every business establishment where a number of young people are employed. Why can we not cultivate more seriousness of purpose—a keener sense of responsibility—a deeper regard for our future? By and by, some of the friends who are disposed to help us, will find us out and tell us, point-blank, that there are other things than our color holding us back.

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

## ARISTOCRACY OF BRAIN.

(Continued from 1st page.)

through this crowd to the box office. When I asked for a ticket the genius who presided there looked through the little window hole at me, as though he considered me either a green country gosling or a mild type of lunatic.

"You couldn't buy a ticket for this performance, madam, for love nor money," said he. "We've turned away at least a thousand people. The folks you see 'round here are about to mob me, 'cause they can't get tickets."

To make a long story short, it was only through the courtesy and energy of Mr. Washington that I was able to secure admittance at all. It was good to be there, too, just to see the enthusiasm with which that vast audience greeted the Negro and Indian youth, who gave the concert. Mr. Washington made a few opening remarks, and the reception accorded him on this occasion was as hearty as that which he received two nights before.

The presence of the best people of New York in such large numbers twice in the same week at entertainments given by and for the benefit of colored people would prove what vital interest they take in their brother in black, if they did nothing else. But they do a great deal more than come to hear Booker Washington speak and listen to colored or Indian youth sing songs. The flower of New York's best circle shows its interest in and friendship for the man and brother by giving princely sums every year for the maintenance of Hampton and Tuskegee. Without this substantial financial assistance rendered by these sons and daughters of fortune, it doubtful whether these two schools which do so much for the education of colored youth could exist at all.

The deference and respect with which Mr. Washington is treated by the millionaires of New York is truly refreshing. There is nothing patronizing, nothing which smacks of condescension on their part toward him. The self poise of this colored man in the midst of the honors which are heaped in such profusion upon him is as striking as it is admirable. Mr. Washington's ability both to command the respect of the best white people of this country and to interest them so profoundly in his efforts to uplift his race that they are willing to contribute thousands upon thousands of dollars for this purpose shows that he possesses the strength of brain and the graces of heart which make a man great. One can admit this without agreeing to every single solitary utterance which Mr. Washington has made from the time of the flood to the present day. What a pity it is the world is not big enough to see the good things a man does without harping eternally upon the things that have been said, "don cher know," with which I, the Great and Only, in my wisdom and infallibility can not possibly agree.

But I have not said a single word about Mr. Washington's introduction to Prince Henry and it is high time these few broken remarks were brought to a close. If one did full justice to the meeting between these two distinguished gentlemen, it would require a column at least. It was just like this: Prince Henry invited Mr. Washington and the Hampton singers to meet him on his yacht, but a case of scarlet fever on board the Hohenzollern disarranged

this plan at the last minute. Then it was decided to have the meeting take place at the Waldorf-Astoria. The Hampton singers filed into an indescribably beautiful room in this palatial hotel and took seats provided for them. Mr. Washington sat near them. A profound silence fell upon those who were awaiting the Prince, as this courtly gentleman and his official escort filed in and took their seats. The singing began and Prince Henry listened with rapt attention and evident enjoyment. He was so pleased with one of the songs that he asked to have it repeated. All of a sudden Admiral Evans limped across the room from the Prince's side and approached Mr. Washington.

"Mr. Washington," said he, "His Royal Highness, Prince Henry of Prussia, asks to have you presented to him."

With dignity and perfect composure Mr. Washington arose and crossed the room with Admiral Evans, who presented him to the brother of the Emperor of Germany. Prince Henry arose and shook hands cordially with Mr. Washington and then the two men sat side by side on a sofa. Prince Henry exhibited the liveliest animation while he was talking to Mr. Washington. He gestured and smiled as though he was enjoying the conversation immensely. The Prince expressed a desire to have a copy of the jubilee songs and a copy of Mr. Washington's autobiography, "Up From Slavery." When Mr. Washington told him he would be glad to furnish him with both books, the Prince asked the founder of Tuskegee for his note book, so that he might write therein his name and address. The notebook was immediately produced from an inside pocket, of course. Thus it was that Booker T. Washington secured Prince Henry's autograph, which thousands of white Americans would give large sums to possess.

After the singing was finished, Prince Henry came forward to the singers and in a speech characterized by simplicity of language and genuineness of feeling, spoke as follows:

"My dear young friends, you have been very kind to come here and sing for me to-day, and I have enjoyed your songs very much. God has put music into the hearts of men to bind them together. Your songs are beautiful, and I hope you will see that they are perpetuated. Again, I thank you."

Then this royal son of the great and good Emperor Frederick, and the equally great and good Empress, who was the daughter of the great and good Queen Victoria, left the room with his suite to go immediately to a luncheon given him by one of New York's society queens. That very morning the great grandson of John Jay and the granddaughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt had entertained Mr. Washington at breakfast. Thus does the ex-slave touch elbows and clasp hands with royalty as represented by the monarchical governments of Europe, and sit at the table of royalty as represented by republican America.

It was a great week in New York. The colored people had their inning and acquitted themselves with credit. As I review the events which transpired, I feel that I have grown an inch taller. I am certain that I shall live ten years longer, and, like the good people in the story books, I shall be happy ever after.

MARY CHURCH TERRELL,  
Washington, D. C., March 25.

## AMUSEMENTS.

### A PIANO RECITAL.

Miss Beatriz L. Chase,  
Will Give Her Third Recital

.....IN THE.....

15TH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Friday Evening April 18th.

She will be assisted by her brother

Wm. Calvin Chase, Jr.,

Both are pupils of their mother,

MRS A. V. CHASE,

Recital will begin promptly at 8 p m

Admission . . . . . 25cts

Children . . . . . 15cts